THE WOMAN of TASTE.

In a SECOND

EPISTLE,

FROM

CLELIA in TOWN

TO

SAPPHO in the Country.

Sequimur, non passibus æquis ——

LONDON,

Printed for J. BATLEY, *at the* Dove *in* Pater-Noster-Row. M.DCC.XXXIII.

PRICE *One Shilling.*

THE

WOMAN of STARS.

A SEQUEL

TO

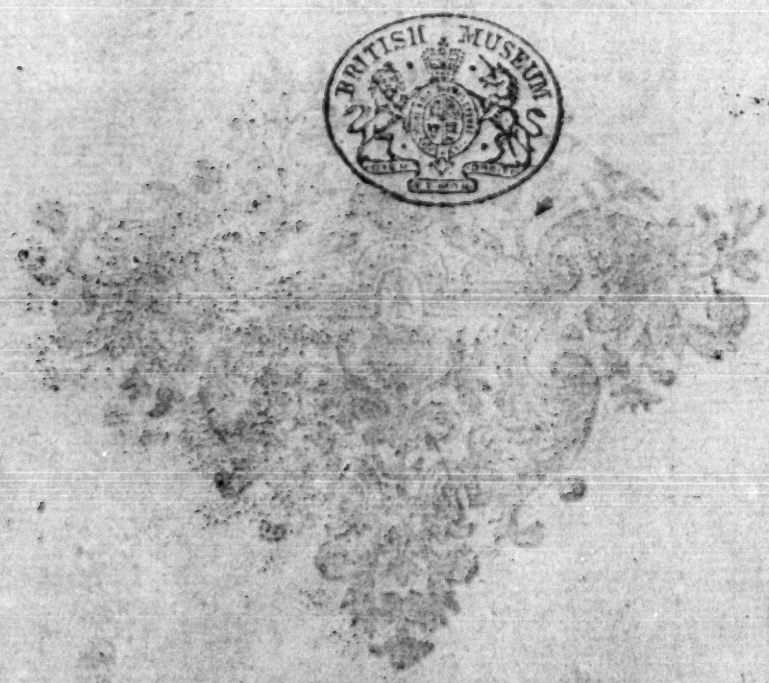
EPISTLE

FROM

GILLYFLOWER TOWN

TO

SAPPHO in the Country.



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THE

WOMAN of TASTE.

WHILE ſtill your rural ſcenes your eye delight,
Unmov'd with what I wiſh, and what I write;
And in a velvet cap, and tuck'd-up coat,
You ſtrole each evening round your lonely moat,
Pleas'd with the muſick, and the murmurs made
By a ſoft echo, or a loud caſcade;
At home by five, on ſome good book you fix,
And read three chapters to your nurſe by ſix;
Which teach nice people how to lead their lives,
And maxims to be learnt by maids and wives:
Juſt at fourteen, in morals deeply read,
And duties, all ſhou'd know, before they wed.
On a fring'd ſquab, methinks, I view you plac'd,
Your active fingers with a needle grac'd;
The cruels nicely mix'd, and colours fair,
Working a ſcreen, a carpet, or a chair.

Tho' hungry, not allow'd to dine or ſup,
Till you firſt fill your *roſe* or *tulip* up;
(The canvas now a beauteous landſcape made,
Varied all o'er with worſted light and ſhade;)
Your cake till then deny'd, made rich with ſpice,
Your porringer of milk, and plate of rice;
The bleſſing ask'd at ſix, and juſt at ſeven
Two collects ſaid, that fit young maids for heaven:
To think of ſlumbers when you now begin,
With a clean mob, ty'd cloſe beneath your chin;
Soft *Shrewsbury* gloves drawn o'er your hands each night,
To keep your knuckles ſmooth, and fingers white.
I ſee you now, the moment after prayers,
With a dim light aſcend your garret-ſtairs;
Before you gain your pillow, forc'd to climb,
Your chamber very low, and bed ſublime;
Where, while your maid your robes in order lays,
Here rolls your ſtockings up, and there you ſtays:
Of joys, tho' paſt, again you ſweetly dream,
And eat in ſleep your cheeſecakes and your cream;
Waking quite raviſh'd, when the morning ſhews
Your bobbins ready --- and your pins in rows.
While lonely thus you waſte your golden bloom,
Hide it in darkneſs, or in ſhades conſume;

The prime of all your youth and beauty waſte;
In nurſing poultry, or in raiſing paſte;
The ſweeteſt portion of your happy life,
When chatting with the ſquire's or vicar's wife:
Hear how we manage life's delicious ſpan,
And live a hermit longer if you can;
Where linnets pleaſe you, and where larks inſpire,
Moping whole winters o'er a ſea-coal fire.
With ſix gay lacqueys, and ſix ſhining mares,
Think how we drive along our ſtreets and ſquares;
Sleeping all day, the ſun of uſe no more,
The ſtars, the little powers we here adore;
Thoſe friends of love! thoſe patrons of intreagues;
Which kindly aid us in our amorous leagues;
From friend to friend each evening dreſt to roam,
Which light us oft abroad --- but ſeldom home.

But ah! what arts can *Clelia* uſe, to call
Her *Sappho* from her meadows to a ball;
To draw her from her grotto's and her ſhades,
Her bubbling fountains, and her cooling glades?
The opera preferr'd to wakes and fairs,
And *Seneſino*'s ſongs to *William*'s airs.

In a grave pew I now behold you ſtand,
Zeal in your look, that lifts your eye and hand;

Your viſage faintly, and your eye demure,
Doubling the leaf, to make the text more ſure;
No talk or whiſpering, while you kneel or pray,
Whoſe ſhape is clumſey, or whoſe dreſs is gay;
What Baron in his bow did beſt ſucceed,
What Counteſs laugh'd, in reverence to her creed;
Who the firſt giggle on her knees began,
Or praying, ſaw moſt lovers through her fan:
No time to ask, with zeal ſo much o'ergrown,
If *Claudia*'s teeth and eye-brows are her own;
If the rich ſapphire which her boſom fir'd,
Or ruby in her ear, were bought or hir'd:
Queſtions from courtly ladies that come out,
Whene'er they ſerve their God, when moſt devout;
Without one laugh at church to hold an hour,
Beyond a ſaint's, or maid of honour's power;
Who ſmile, to worſhip with a nicer air,
And add new graces to a modern prayer.

That day from bus'neſs to devotion given,
With us the buſieſt much of all the ſeven;
Friends to receive on this, and viſits pay,
Flaunt, ride, intreague, do every thing but pray;
From morn to night no reſpite, and no reſt
Between the glaſs, the tea, the chat, the gueſt;

The ſubjects nicely choſe, and time well ſpent,
Some ſcandals to believe, and more invent;
With ſmiles a fav'rite's failings to relate,
And pity from your heart a friend you hate:
Above, a nymph, inſpir'd with modeſt airs,
Abus'd of courſe, e'er half way down your ſtairs;
The cards to skim, and ſpin the dye once more,
All anxious here, till the dull day is o'er;
The eve return'd, that to the *Circus* calls,
And gives us back our Parks, our Rings and Balls;
Which the glad heart with each gay paſſion fill,
Damp'd with devotion, raviſh'd with *Manill*.

But when our coach is gay, and liveries new,
If cuſtom ſometimes leads us to a pew,
Forc'd to put on a ſet of ſober airs,
Our hearts at *Ombre*, and our hands at prayers;
What thinks my *Sappho*, that we bring from thence
Saint *James*'s faſhions, or the preacher's ſenſe?
From church, no modern ladies good intent
Back to return more pious than they went;
Reſolv'd, by no ſly arts of prieſtcraft caught,
To carry thence each frailty which they brought;
No folly to correct, or vice to kill,
Or to be better folks --- againſt their will:

The chapel oftner tho' we might frequent,
Cou'd we but keep our ſins — and yet repent.
Tho' once a faſhion, now 'tis quite ill-bred,
To recollect one word the Doctor ſaid:
Vertue enough, in filks exactly dreſt,
To ſhew before our Maker in the beſt;
For a nice velvet, or brocade to call,
As fine almoſt at church, as at a ball!
With charms to pleaſe, and beauty to bewitch,
As gayly dreſt to viſit heaven --- as *Rich.*
And ſure no city-dame can boaſt of grace,
Or pray with decency in *Britiſh* lace!
When on her knees, be dutiful enough,
Wanting a mecklin head, and ſable muff!
Each of ſtrange power devotion to inſpire,
And faint, or dull, to lend her force and fire;
Two *Flanders* lappets, when ſhe mounts the skies,
The two beſt wings to raiſe her as ſhe flies.
If for diverſions then, more nice and new,
You dare renounce your whisk, your gleeke and looe,
Can quit your rural ſeat, and country air,
For Courts and Balls, a palace or a ſquare;
A friend's advice let *Sappho* not deſpiſe,
But learn for once true wiſdom from the wiſe;

How to excel in taſte, in parts to ſhine,
And ſhare a wit and glory next to mine.

To live profuſe, if you can gain a power,
Let half your ſons and daughters want a dower;
Their fortunes ſunk at play, or never paid,
While *Harry* ſtarves, and *Charlott* dies a maid.

It ſhews a want of taſte, as well as ſenſe,
To be debarr'd from pleaſure by expence;
No blemiſh to a modern mother's fame,
Her ſons in rags, if velvets clothe the dame;
Much larger ſums expending in a day,
Than wou'd their board at ſchool a year defray.

What then you want to make you gay or nice,
Send to the ſhop ---- but never ask the price:
No woman ſure can boaſt a handſom taſte,
Who dreads the fortune of a ſpouſe to waſte;
Who out of fear to ſwell a tradeſman's bill,
Will baulk a wiſh, or contradict her will;
A bliſs delay, or a neat fancy bilk,
Wanting how much? --- but fifty yards of ſilk;
A jar, a ſconce, a carpet or a ſcreen,
Or necklace, for the birth-night of the Queen;
Or ſummer herrings, or nice winter peaſe,
Or any earthly thing *ſhe likes or ſees.*

Thanks to the law, the kindeſt and the beſt,
No *Britiſh* wife e'er dreading an arreſt;
Hath either court to fear, or writ to ſhun,
And ſafe from Sheriffs, never minds a dun:
For plate, paint, patches, petticoats and plays,
Whate'er the wife expends, the husband pays;
Tho' now and then he mutters out a curſe,
If we find faſhions, he muſt find a purſe;
Oblig'd the charge by ſtatute to defray,
Whate'er we ſpend at work --- or loſe at play.

And ah! what ſcene ſo lovely to our eye
As the green table, or the ſpinning dye?
The counters on the azure ſurface laid,
The cover broken, and the cards diſplay'd;
The ſpinnet, fringe and knots, all lying ſtill,
Each care reſign'd for *Baſto* and *Manill*;
No paſſion entring now one female ſoul,
But how to play *Sanprandre*, or a vole;
All the rich trumps and mattadores to hold,
And clear the board of all its ſilh and gold.

What, tho' we loſe ſome hundreds at a throw,
Will nought but guineas only --- paly a foe?
Who, tho' a victor, may indulgent prove,
Forgive the debt, or take it out --- in love.

While thus ſecure each female gameſter plays,
And what ill fortune loſt, her beauty pays;
Thus finding out a method to diſburſe
The ſum ſhe owes, without a ſpouſe's purſe;
A new and modiſh art, with eaſe to get
Clear off a bond, by *kiſſing* out a debt;
In which the loving Nymph with pleaſure deals;
A frugal way to cancel notes and ſeals!

But ſhou'd the cruel man relentleſs prove,
More with your gold than with your ſelf in love;
In a kind husband, where's the wondrous harm,
For a night's loſs to ſell a wood or farm;
Her anguiſh to abate, and credit clear,
And vindicate from ſhame a loving dear?
Not much one manour, to retrieve agen
A lady's honour, if her lord has ten;
How ſmall the ſum, five thouſand pounds to ſpare,
To pleaſe the mother, and undo the heir!

Yet, grant your ſpouſe and rival both are croſs,
More ways are left you ſtill to ſooth your loſs:
To eaſe your heart, and give your paſſion vent,
Your laces tore, fan broke, and ruffles rent;
Your patches all miſplac'd, and in deſpair,
Not a curl left in all your ſhining hair;

Your ſnuff all ſpilt, your fury to aſſwage,
While your eyes redden, and your pimples rage;
As heaven you threaten, and its ſhafts defy,
And call on *Jeſu!* with a lifted eye;
Once own'd ---- but now a deity no more,
That wou'd not hear nor help you --- when you ſwore;
One in the plot, to bring you to diſgrace,
Turning a ſix up --- when you begg'd an ace.
And if your loſs is ſtill your paſſion's theme,
'Tis juſt to rave --- or now and then blaſpheme;
Beg ſome kind friend to finiſh all your woes,
To reach the dagger, or to mix the doſe;
As * *Paſſaran* adviſes to prepare,
For lords in debt, or ladies in deſpair.

Whate'er your ſtation, birth, or fortune be,
In dreſs ſtill equal thoſe of firſt degree;
Nor ſleep one moment, if a Peereſs ſhine
In a rich veſt, till you are full as fine.
If *Phœbe* in her gems and jewels flame,
Be yours, whate'er they coſt you, juſt the ſame;
Make no diſtinction in one part of life,
Tho' ſhe a Dutcheſs, you a parſon's wife.

* An eminent modern Free-thinker, who has lately written a very learned Treatiſe, in Vindication of *Sodomy*, *Theft*, *Self-Murder*, and all manner of Immoralities.

It ſhews you amongſt nymphs of ſpirit bred,
To empty half your barn to deck your head;
The tithes of half your pariſh to conſume,
To pleaſe your vanity, or aid your bloom:
Though rough and tatter'd, your poor vicar wears,
In all his wig, ſcarce twenty curling hairs;
From *June* to *March* not lord of half a crown,
Dreſt in a caſſock of your caſt off gown.
Whatever then the folks of faſhion like,
Let it your fancy pleaſe, and humour ſtrike;
With them in every modiſh taſte agree,
And praiſe at five what you condemn'd at three;
Your ſenſes tutor'd what to loath or wiſh,
Frogs a polite, and carps a country diſh:
And not to have ſuch judges for your foes,
Suck ſweets from rue, and poiſon from a roſe;
Let the ſame flower to day your ſenſes fill
With richeſt fragrance, and to morrow kill!
The naked boſom, and the ſhoulder bare,
Protect you beſt from winds and chilling air:
O'er the fair neck of courtly ladies drawn,
Soft furs, not half ſo warm as lace or lawn.
No ſcheme ſo proper, let it be polite,
As coats tuck'd high, to keep the leg from ſight;

No way ſo ſure to keep our daughters chaſte,
As half their time at midnight balls to waſte;
Which does their virtue guard, and fame protect,
If the good lady *Sl-ff---rd* may direct;
Who, to all ſinners that have gone aſtray,
Points out the road to heaven, a ſmoother way;
No bliſs to thoſe, in her opinion, due,
Who leave quadrille at one, or ſleep by two:
Saints, to prolong the game till three, who ſtrive,
And cherubs almoſt, if they deal till five.

Bred up with us, 'twill be entirely wrong,
Whate'er delights you moſt, to like it long;
Taſtes ſhould be chang'd as frequent as your dreſs,
Which wore too often always pleaſes leſs;
And twice each year, wou'd you a fame purſue,
With your gay ſilks, your palate ſhould be new;
Begging ſome friend, who a nice taſte does boaſt,
To tell what 'tis you ought to fancy moſt;
For fear your fork in a wrong place ſhou'd ſtrike,
And you, undone, ſhou'd chuſe the piece you like.

For things can ſhift their qualities with eaſe,
And juſt as courts direct, offend or pleaſe;
In *March* diſtempers cure, in *April* breed,
Almoſt as varying as an *Engliſh* creed:

Has the Bohea the fragrance of the Green,
Not ſipp'd in courts, not ſugar'd by the Queen?
(Thrice in three Terms inſpiring, and ſuppreſt,
Againſt all maladies the worſt and beſt;)
For ſhou'd the royal lip the diſh diſlike,
Whom wou'd it charm, what ladies palate ſtrike?
If ſhe the leaf explode, or vaſe deſpiſe,
Though *Heyſham*, or though *Congo*, ſcorn'd it lies;
By her nice maids, nor touch'd, nor valued more,
Its vertues vaniſh'd, and its fragrance o'er;
The ſmell it had at nine, at twelve is fled,
Bad for the nerves, and noxious to the head;
Whoſe riſing fumes with ugly dreams affright,
And make 'em think of chapel half the night;
Where each affrighted ſuppliant thinks ſhe prays,
Her mind with pulpits fill'd, inſtead of plays.

But that my wiſh, or reaſons may avail,
To form you more polite, pray hear a tale,
Which may inſtruct you, when your whims are o'er,
Never to truſt your own dull ſenſes more;
A pin, a patch, a feather, quite a load,
Not rightly plac'd, and wore againſt the mode.

" *Julia*, laſt week, invited to a feaſt,
" Prais'd, by miſtake, the cup ſhe lik'd the beſt;

" Nor

" Nor cautious to inform her ſelf aright,
" What leaf that month was wholſome and polite;
" At operas and masks but ſeldom ſeen;
" *Bohea*, ah! wretched maid, preferr'd to *Green*.
" Jeſu, ſays *Cloe*, what *Bohea*, my dear?
" It has been poiſon now almoſt a year!
" At court, ſince cenſur'd in *December* laſt,
" 'Tis quite a different thing in ſmell and taſte;
" Rank phyſick in each muddy diſh you meet,
" A puddle in *July* as clear and ſweet:
" Beſide, it hurts your looks, diſarms your eyes,
" And bids your colour ſink, and pimples riſe;
" Fills you with vapours, gives you ſerious airs,
" Nay, worſe, prevents your ſleeping when at prayers;
" Fomenting dark, does pleaſing thoughts expel,
" And half perſwades you to believe a hell!
" But, for the ſovereign vertues of the *Green*,
" It chears your ſpirits, and it damps your ſpleen;
" When now and then inclin'd a friend to blame,
" It aids your tongue, and helps you to defame;
" To ſink a virtue, or a fault to blaze,
" Aſſiſting always with the ſmootheſt phraſe;
" The beſt bad language that your heart can wiſh,
" When wanted moſt, inſpir'd by every diſh:

" Since laſt in vogue, you drink at leaſt a ſcore
" Of modiſh flavours it had ne'er before;
" Alter'd, and chang'd entirely for the beſt,
" Since *Caroline* has brought it in requeſt.
" While *Julia* heard its praiſe, how ſtrange to tell!
" Her cup had loſt its vertue, and its ſmell;
" Though pleaſant, when ſhe drank it the laſt hour,
" 'Tis now unſavoury, flat, inſipid, ſour;
" Amaz'd ſhe ſhou'd ſo ſtrange a potion wiſh,
" And turning --- begs the maid to change her diſh."

If then your ſenſe you chuſe not to defame,
Whate'er the faſhion dictates never blame;
For all its ſtatutes a ſtrong paſſion feel,
Curls without powder, ſhoes without a heel;
To mourn in ſilk, in velvet, or in crape,
Or to beſpeak a *ſack* to help your ſhape!
For a kind ſpouſe, in duſt too early laid,
To weep your ſelf, or elſe to hire your maid:
To cenſure her decrees entirely wrong,
Your waiſt three feet, or elſe five inches long.

If at ſaint *James*'s a ſhort coat you ſee,
'Tis modeſt then to ſhew above the knee!
And if your ſkin is white, and ſhift is clean,
Let viſcounts laugh --- there's nothing in't obſcene.

If this commands your boſom to unfold,
At *Chriſtmas*, you muſt ne'er complain of cold;
Aſide your neckatee and ſable throw,
Be warm in winds --- and never chill'd in ſnow;
When ruſticks ſhrink, and ſhiver at the ſight,
Vowing, you think the ſeaſon ſultry quite:
For how can winters any ſubjects harm,
When in a ſingle gauſe the Queen is warm?
In *Turkey* leather never limping go,
For faſhionable ſhoes ne'er hurt your toe.
To boaſt a beauteous ſhape, wou'd you refrain
From ſteel, or whalebone, for a little pain?
Drawn hard by *Betty* you muſt never flinch,
For ſtays by ------ made can never pinch;
And though ſome pangs you cannot quite eſcape,
'Tis better loſe your breath than ſpoil your ſhape!
Endure the anguiſh of too tight a lace,
More pleas'd to bear a woe than loſe a grace!
And if the cut the neweſt you believe,
Howe'er it hurts, or ſqueezes, never grieve;
Girded to death, proteſt they give you eaſe,
And ſlight the torture, if the faſhion pleaſe;
Thanking the artiſt, if they wear genteel,
For the nice ſhape they give, and pain you feel.

Are you ambitious after fame? 'Tis wrong
To keep your bloom, or boaſt your health too long!
Though free from every pain, and ſound as I,
Have ſtill your ſalts at hand, and hartſhorn nigh;
Of vigor, and of ſpirits, ſtill in want,
And always ſmelling, though you never faint;
A couch ſtill ready, or an eaſy chair,
When you think fit to ſleep, or to deſpair:
By turns extremely ſick, or very mute,
Juſt as the illneſs does your humour ſuit;
Since nymphs, that ſtand in need of a diſeaſe,
May read the bills, and pick out which they pleaſe.

To lean, and languiſh, gives the modern dame
A nicer air, and delicater frame;
As by a breath the web, when drove away,
Serves to evince the fineneſs of the ray;
Some gentle ſorrow ſtill to fear, or fain
To bear, or elſe to dread ſome modiſh pain;
(A change of weather, from your cat, or toe,
Or from your aking corn ---- a fall of ſnow.)
Twice, every week, ſome tender woe to feel,
Shews you well-bred, and perfectly genteel;
Rude ruſticks only bred, and growing old,
Without the bleſſing of a cough, or cold.

Of ſoft complaints keep then a modiſh bill,
And fix by rule your times of being ill;
From hence with proper griefs you are oppreſt,
Chooſing what ailments ſuit the ſeaſon beſt.
Sappho too wiſe, her judgment to betray,
With ſweats in winter, or with colds in *May*;
Quite wrong, all *June*, in wrappers to be roll'd,
Or die with heat, when others freeze in cold.
If you want counſel, *Mead*, your learned friend,
Will teach you, when to faint, and not offend;
Your times, perhaps, with leſs diſcretion choſe,
Fix the nice ſeaſons for your *abs* and *obs*;
Thoſe friendly monaſyllables, that give
Eaſe to ſad ladies hearts, that ſtrive to grieve;
Of courſe breath'd gently out, when you have got
The art of ſighing ---- if in pain or not.

Ask courtly *Portia* of her health, ſhe'll ſay,
She is, or has been ſick, or dreads ſhe may;
Her coughs return, that ſhe has cauſe to fear,
Her fever hardly off, or very near;
Her hard, hard fate, for ever to complain,
Her head ſtill aking --- or her ſide in pain;
In vain from *Hollings* help or eaſe to ſeek,
Dying, with paleneſs on her florid cheek.

On the white hand their beauties to recline,
Without one grief, in perfect health to pine,
Are *Britiſh* arts, which female worth enhance,
Part of good breeding ---- like the ſong and dance;
Teaching the fair an appetite to want,
How oft each week they are allow'd to faint;
When, with ſick qualms, they may the houſe affright,
How long be very well ---- and yet polite;
Their lark and wheat-ear when they may decline,
Or very hungry, be allow'd to dine.

One maxim only more your *Clelia* ſends
To her dear *Sappho* ---- and the letter ends:
Wou'd you then pleaſe, and be a toaſt of note,
Though *Kitty* wants a frock, and *Charles* a coat;
Spare no expence to make your *Villa* fine,
O'er the gay walls let *Holben*'s pictures ſhine:
China her jars, and coſtly vaſes ſhew,
Load the gilt chimney, and japan'd bureau;
On every floor, in every chamber ſeen,
Perſia's rich carpet, *India*'s imag'd ſcreen;
The *Lombard* pencil, and the *Aſian* Loom,
Contending which ſhall beſt adorn your room:
Your frugal guineas with much wiſdom ſpent,
To deck one cloſet, with one manour's rent;

If half the income of the year defray,
What you lay out, and laviſh in a day:
Your boſom with no diſtant cares perplext,
Shining one quarter --- tho' you ſtarve the next:
One only hope, to ſave you from deſpair,
That for the ſums you owe, and cannot ſpare,
Your cook or coachman may arreſt your heir.
Greater the fame, if you the art can get,
To bilk a tradeſman, than diſcharge a debt:
You ſhew your honour if you pay the bill,
But not to pay it, you ſhew more --- your ſkill:
Though aukward yet, drive to the hall --- and bow,
And pay your fee --- judge --- will tell you how.
If ſtudious then of greater bliſs and fame,
You chuſe to leave your cuſhion, and your frame,
The tunes of linnets, and the ſongs of larks,
For our ſpring gardens, our canals, and parks;
And think the glory greater to bewitch
Young peers in boxes, than to knot or ſtitch;
Let theſe few lines inſtruct you to be wiſe,
To leave your ſhading groves, and warbling ſkies,
Careleſs of nurſes fears, or aunts replies;
Who talk ſo grave, and make ſo much ado,
With cards at one, and viſits paid at two;

Who wou'd confine you, till you loſt your bloom,
To a wax baby, and a lonely room;
Your hands for ever to a needle fix,
To dine preciſe at twelve, and ſup at ſix.
This letter open'd, dreſs, and haſte away,
Nor for your nurſe's leave, or guardian's ſtay:
In fields and woods, regardleſs of your power,
You loſe a conqueſt, while you waſte an hour:
The 'ſquire now left, to die by other foes,
Your nobler triumph here, to vanquiſh beaux.

F I N I S.

Who won'd confine you, till you loft your bloom,
To pine by a lonely room;
Your hands for ever to a needle fix,
To dine precife at twelve, and fup at fix,
This letter open'd, read, and haffe away,
Nor for your maſter's leave, or guardian's ſtay:
In fields and woods, regardleſs of your power,
You loſe a conqueſt, while you waſte an hour:
The ſquire now left, to ſome new other foes,
Your nobler triumph in vanquiſh'd beaux:

BRITISH MUSEUM 18 JU 1902

F I N I S.